

THE MARRIED LIFE OF HELEN AND WARREN

By MABEL HERBERT URMER.

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Helen Works Herself Up Over a Trivial Care Only to Find She Was in the Wrong.

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This series is a continuation of "Their Married Life," produced by Mabel Herbert Urmur for four years. "The Married Life of Helen and Warren," appearing exclusively in this paper, is the only series now being written by Mabel Herbert Urmur.

"THAT'S the way to cook spinach," approved Warren, holding up a whole leaf on his fork. "Loathe it mashed into a green, slimy pulp."

"Yes, she does cook this better than Nora."

"Hub, she's forgotten more about cooking than Nora ever knew," as he again carved into the lamb. "How about some jelly with this?"

"Helen touched the bell."

"Emma," as the girl appeared, "you may bring in that grape jelly."

In a few moments she came in with a gleaming, quivering mold.

"Why, you've opened a fresh glass! I meant the one we had last night!"

"There wasn't more'n a spoonful left, ma'am."

"That's the second time she's done that," declared Helen in low-voiced indignation when the door swung to after her. "Why, we hardly touched that jelly last night!"

"Well, you can't hold her up on what she eats. That's pretty small."

"But we don't have to feed her on jelly. And the orange marmalade! Dear, I wish you'd see how much she eats of that!"

"If she likes sweets, so much the better. That means a nonalcoholic taste, and she'll let the wine alone."

"But the grapefruit—she has half a grapefruit every morning, just the same as we have. Three always lasted us for three mornings—now I have to get three every other day."

"Oh, well," shrugged Warren, "as long as she does her work—guess we can afford to give her what she wants to eat."

"Of course," flushing, "you know I always want the girl to have good nourishment."

Here Emma came in for the salad bowl, and Helen began talking hurriedly about something else.

She had engaged this girl through an agency the day after they landed—just a week ago. In that time Emma had cleaned the whole apartment, washed the woodwork and oiled the floors. She was both fast and capable; yet she had an assertive air that Helen found very irritating.

No other girl had ever expected grapefruit every morning, and as this was something Helen did not like to speak of, it rankled all the more.

Though she did not bring it up again, Helen keenly resented Warren's attitude, for it made her seem petulant about the girl's food. She knew that she was much more generous with her maid than were most women. His own mother was not half so lenient, and Carrie looked up everything.

It was after 8 when Emma, having finished her dishes, appeared at the library door.

"Mrs. Curtis, do you mind if I go out for a little while?"

Helen looked up from her sewing with a brief, "Very well." While she was always willing for the maid to go out, somehow tonight even this request grated.

"Where's that draught coming from?" demanded Warren a little later, scowling over his paper at the windows.

"No, they're all down in here—it

must be from the dining-room. Wait, dear, I'll see."

It was the kitchen window that was up, and the pantry door open. Turning on the light, Helen put down the window, and then glanced around.

Everything had been left in spotless order. Emma had washed out all the tea towels, and even put a fresh hand towel on the roller.

Helen looked into the ice box. It was clean and sweet-smelling. And the girl was certainly saving. There was the bit of spinach left from dinner and a spoonful of mashed potatoes.

But where was the jelly?

With increasing indignation, Helen searched through the ice box and pantry. She had noticed particularly that over half the glass had been left.

And they had so little jelly, only what was left over from last year, for they had been away all fall and it was now too late for any fruit.

Dragging forward the step ladder, Helen climbed up to the jelly shelf. There were only nine glasses of currant and fourteen of grape. If the girl was so inordinately fond of jelly, might she not occasionally open a glass for herself?

Over the refrigerator was a glass-doored cupboard that could be locked. In a flash Helen decided that was the place for the jelly.

Even those high shelves had been freshly washed and lined with paper, but just now this evidence of Emma's industry failed to impress her.

"Hello, what in blazes are you doing up there?" Warren, his hands in his pockets, stood at the pantry door staring up at her.

"I'm putting this jelly where I can lock it up," steadying herself on the step ladder. "There wasn't a spoonful left of that glass we had at dinner. It's outrageous! I never heard of a girl having the presumption to eat jelly like that."

"Look out, there—you'll fall! I'd rather pay for a few glasses of jelly than a doctor's bill for a broken leg."

"There!" as Helen locked the door and climbed down. "Now do you know what I'm going to do? I'm only going to order ONE grapefruit a day!"

"Well, if you don't want the girl to have grapefruit—I'd rather tell her than do a thing like that. Jove, you can be mighty small!"

"Warren, I'm not small!" passionately. "That's what you always say because you know it hurts me. Do you think your mother or Carrie would furnish three-quarters of a grapefruit to any maid? You know they're more strict in such things than I ever could be! You always said I was too good to Nora—that I let her run over me."

"So you did. But now that you've got a girl worth a lot of money, you're sore about what she eats. You've got no sense of proportion, that's the trouble with you. You get hipped on one idea, and you can't see anything else. What's the matter—pinch your finger?"

Exasperated, Helen had turned back the step ladder with a resentful jerk and had caught her finger at the most painful part of the nail. Brushing by Warren, she ran to the bathroom, where she bathed the bruised nail in witch hazel and nursed her aggrieved sense of injury.

It was after 10. Too hurt and indignant to go back to the library, she turned on her bath and began broodingly to undress.

Why did Warren always try to make her feel small and mercenary?

She was furious with herself, furious with him, and above all furious with Emma for being the indirect cause of it all.

She was in bed, her arm over her eyes to shade them from the light, when Warren came in.

"Still sulking?" one of his shoes dropped heavily.

Helen did not answer, and her lace-frilled sleeve shaded her face.

When he had taken his bath, he threw up the windows and turned off the lights. Still Helen lay motionless; she had not stirred.

"Thinking about that grapefruit she's going to eat tomorrow?" jeeringly, as he got into bed.

Helen could have shrieked. Instead she bit her lips, and angry tears wet the sleeve of her nightdress.

Warren gave his pillow a punch, settled it under his head, drew the bedclothes around his shoulders and was soon dozing off.

But for Helen, who had worked herself up to a state of feverish brooding, sleep was impossible. It had been an unhappy and humiliating evening—and it was all Emma's fault. Her resentment against the girl deepened every moment.

What was that? Raising herself on her elbow, Helen listened tensely. A faint, scratching sound! It was Pussy Pur-Mew—shut up somewhere.

Hurriedly, Helen got up and began a shivering search. The hall closet, the closet in her dressing-room, her bureau drawers—for Pussy Pur-Mew had a troublesome habit of creeping any place that was left open. Again the scratching—it was from the dining-room.

Helen darted straight to the china closet. When she opened the door a fur-ruffled kitten leaped out from the lower shelf. As she stooped to smooth the rumpled table cloths, Helen saw something on the shelf above that made her gasp.

It was the grape jelly—just as Emma had taken it from the table at dinner! So she had not touched it! She had sensed Helen's displeasure at there being none left from the night before, and had purposely not even take it out to the kitchen.

Unheeding the cold, Helen, in only her thin nightdress, for a long time crouched there on the floor; while Pussy Pur-Mew, grateful for her release, purred exuberantly but unnoted against her.

At least in this she had been wrong! She pictured Emma's hurt surprise in the morning when she found the jelly locked up. It was a reflection on her honesty, which, after all, Helen had no real reason to doubt.

When she arose, stiff with cold, it was not to go back to bed, but to get the key of the locked cupboard. Tiptoeing out to the kitchen, stealthily she drew the chair before the refrigerator. In the dead silence it creaked alarmingly as she climbed up to the shelves.

It was a cold, shivering task, but she got the jelly back to its accustomed cupboard. Then, numb with cold, she crept back to bed.

"Eh, what's that?" muttered Warren, half aroused by the sudden chill as Helen cuddled against him for warmth.

"Dear, I—I was wrong about that jelly. Emma hadn't touched it—it was in the china closet. And I—I locked the rest and put it back."

But apparently Warren was too drowsy to grasp the full import of this, for his only comment was the mumbled, meaningless phrase, "Well, what-do-you-know-about-that?"

VACCINE WILL CURE
HAY-FEVER DISEASE

Surg. Gen. Blue Says Serum Treatment Can Be Used, Though None Has Been Tried.

A little "shot" of vaccine in the upper arm may take more of the romance out of sickness, eliminate lots of humor from magazines and end forever the United States Hay Fever Association.

The information leaked out yesterday when Surg. Gen. Blue, of the Public Health Service, in discussing the failure, so far, of cold vaccines, said:

"Although it is possible to treat hay fever with a serum vaccine taken from the pollen of the weed that causes it, I have not heard of a successful attempt."

Surg. Gen. Blue gave out the information as if an anxious word were not waiting something of the kind—half waiting with joy and the rest with fear.

With one fell statement, so to speak, he divulged news that yet may send thousands of happy victims back to work; where for the past years they have leaped lightly from climate to climate in the pretended hope of curing their disease. Apparently without serious thought, he made a statement which, if followed out, would at certain seasons of the year necessitate a cut of three pages in a given issue of any funny magazine and stop high winds caused by sneezing and that sonorous noise which results from "sniffing" in unison.

Surg. Gen. Blue said ordinary colds could not be treated with vaccine, because there are so many germs that cause colds that it would be necessary to mix thousands for a vaccine treatment.

"A number of vaccines have been offered for the treatment of colds," said Dr. John F. Anderson, director of the United States Hygienic Laboratory. "None has been successful because of the number of germs believed to cause colds. A cold is easily cured in other ways, and hardly warrants inoculation."

Hunter Says Deer Kicked Him.

Virginia, Minn., Dec. 12.—A. J. Waggatt, in charge of the Virginia office of the Lake Superior Tax Association, has returned from a week's hunting trip at a camp near Mile Post 26, on the Algerton-Smith line. He tells a story of how he was kicked by a buck and exhibits a semi-circular mark on the cheek which he says is the imprint of the animal's hoof.

TO CHOOSE FOR KABANSKY.

May Ask New Trial, Insanity Commission or Parole Sentence.

Attorneys John G. Capers and Hayden Johnson, counsel for Herman Kabansky, convicted of second degree

murder for killing his mother-in-law, have until Tuesday to decide what action they will take.

They have three courses to pursue. One is to ask for a new trial, and should this be refused, use exceptions noted in the first hearing with their refusal as basis for an appeal to the

Court of Appeals. The second is to apply for a commission to inquire into Kabansky's sanity. The third is to ask that he be sentenced under the parole law, so that should the court rule he must serve a life term he in reality would serve not much more than fifteen years.

Boy Divers Get Woman's Ring.

Evansville, Ind., Dec. 13.—Mrs. G. H. Weir, wife of a merchant at New Harmony, Ind., motored here recently, and as she passed a large pond near the city line she let her diamond ring fall into

the water. She called three boys who were playing nearby and engaged them to dive for the ring, which they found. They were rewarded with a \$5 bill each.

The Moskva, one of Peter the Great's squadron in 1754, has been found near London.

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Jardinieres

Dining-Room Chairs

Coal of Gas Ranges

Extension Tables

Dressing Tables

Cheval Mirrors

Bedroom Suites

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Portieres

Morris Chairs

Music Cabinets

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Those who have open accounts with us at the present time may make such Christmas purchases as they wish, simply adding these to their accounts. In reality there is no call for payment on these purchases until after the present account has been settled.

To those who have had accounts with us in the past we wish to say that these are not considered as closed—they are simply inactive, and may again be used at any time. If you wish to do this with Christmas purchases we shall be glad to grant an extra privilege; no payment whatever will be asked until February 1, 1915.

To new customers we can only say that accounts opened at this time will be arranged with exceptionally easy terms. From the above offers you will see the advantages of being considered an old patron. Make your beginning now.

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Secular League Folk
Against Charity Idea

Secretary Ufford Tells Them of Associated Charities' Plans and Members Declaim Their Opposition—One Hates "Boxes of Grub" System in Vogue.

A group of professional antis dissected the Associated Charities, urged its abolition and criticised its work at a meeting of the Secular League yesterday while Walter S. Ufford, general secretary of the charities, who had finished an address, listened.

The anti's were generous in their applause of each other, although their views differed somewhat. Everything from volunteer workers to socialism, employers' liability and unemployment insurance was urged as the infallible cure for poverty.

Mr. Ufford spoke of the work done by the Associated Charities. When he had finished, the meeting, as is the custom,

was thrown open to discussion. A woman visitor took the floor.

"I know of a case where this association took a child away from its parents," she said. "They happened to get it away this past summer foregone. I know another case where when a woman applied for charity she was given a section of salt horse with skippers in it."

No diagram was furnished. Another woman rose and protested against the manner in which the charities gave away "boxes of grub." The first woman, by the way, had charged the charities with not furnishing food.

The second speaker charged that workers of the Associated Charities eat vegetables which they charge they are not "even permitted to smell." Speaking of Mr. Ufford's statement that college-educated social workers—women—employed by the charities were paid but \$5 a week to start, she said:

"Five dollars is too much. They are able to live in luxury on that. That is a comfortable living."

Speakers at the meeting asked Mr. Ufford his salary and the salary of all his staff. When they were told, they arose and gave their views as to the extravagance of charity.

"How to Bluff Editors."

Another speaker told all about organized charity, and pointed out its imperfect points. He confined himself principally to telling of famous charity workers he had met. The same speaker last Sunday gave an address—advertently not reported—entitled: "How to Get News in Newspapers in Spite of Editors." He told them how he had "bluffed" newspaper editors all over the country. This speaker's remedy for poverty was work, and he told (with a blush) how he "had always made good."

George E. Warren, a member of the league, defended the Associated Charities, and explained its work to the anti's. President Bradley, in summing up the speeches, said:

"The criticism would have been more fair if no self-interest had been shown by speakers."

Mr. Ufford, in answering critics, thanked them for their frankness and invited them to tell the Associated Charities of cases where there was semblance of unfairness.

Men Pay Homage
to Mother's Friend

"I am not surprised to observe the number of men who come into the store to purchase Mother's Friend."

It is a happy thought to send a husband to the drug store. "Mother's Friend" is applied externally over the abdominal muscles.

It is a gentle, soothing lubricant, penetrates to the finest network of nerves beneath the skin and has a marked tendency to relieve the muscular strain to which these broad, flat abdominal muscles are subjected. The cords, tendons and ligaments are thus permitted to stretch without the corresponding surface strain so often involved during the period of expectoration. This in part accounts for the entire absence, in many cases reported, of nausea, morning sickness and other distresses, such as laceration of the epistoma so often the case when this gentle form of lubrication is neglected.

"Mother's Friend" has been highly recommended by a host of women who know from experience and by men who know from observation. Write Bradford Regulator Co., 225 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., and we will send you a valuable little book to expound mothers.